

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE GIPSY'S REVENGE.

BY DANIEL WISE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Seest thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth
Soft and low."—HEMANS.

Not far from the rural village of B——, in the south of England there once stood an old manse, beautifully situated in the midst of a rich expanse of teeming fields, over which it proudly looked like the presiding genius of the place. There was nothing in the architectural peculiarities of this old mansion to distinguish it from thousands of country mansions that

open their ancient doors to receive the lords of the old manors of merry England. But the reader will pardon, if mistaking the fondness of my own personal and early associations for an interest in the reader, I introduce him more particularly to the scene of my tale

Come, then, kind reader, let me conduct thee into a long lane, which, saving a narrow cart-path, is covered with as bright a greensward as ever bore the tread of bold Robin Hood and his merry hunters in their jerkins green. High on either side the green hawthorn, blended and interlaced, forms an invulnerable fence, while on the banks beneath, the pure primrose and the modest violet spread their blushing beauty to the sun. Continue we then in this lane for half a mile

or more, where the road widens, a painted picket fence supplies the place of the hawthorn, and some half dozen spacious barns show their thatched roofs between the openings of the venerable elms and oaks that rise in sylvan pride around them.

Within the fence is an orchard of the choicest fruit trees, which lavish their balmy breath upon the vagrant breeze. Let us enter this wicket gate. Now the old manor house reveals its time honored front from between those majestic oaks and ancient elms. See its massive chimneys rearing their smoky heads above the moss-covered thatch! Mark the numerous windows with huge frames and small squares that extend along the ample length of its three stories! How frowningly protrude those gable ends overhanging each end of the manse, as if intending to leap to the ground! But here is an old bell handle dangling from its rusty wire; let us try if age and rust have destroyed its witchery over the footman. Ah! its harsh ding, ding, ding, has roused him, and here he comes to introduce us to the interior of the hall and to its respected owner.

As we enter you observe an ample entry opening into a large dining hall; on either side the wings contain apartments for the members of the family, while beyond the hall lies the kitchen and other appurtenances for the accommodation of the servants.

Such is a brief view of the old manse where we have in our boyish days gambled away many an hour with playful cousins at merry Christmas tide, and which still rises to our vision as in days departed. Here then our tale begins.

The inhabitants of the manse at the date of our story, consisted of Squire Talbot, his lady, and two daughters; to save time I will briefly introduce my readers to their most respectable society. The Squire was a man who might be

somewhere in the neighborhood of forty-five years of age, of a pleasant, ruddy countenance, lighted by the soft light of his mild grey eye; medium height, well compacted form, rather stout than otherwise; he was a fine specimen of the English country gentleman. His lady was an active business-like woman about his own age, well educated and benevolent, but withal a little inclined to faith in popular superstitions. Their eldest daughter, Henrietta, was a pleasing fair-haired girl, slender as a maypole and some sixteen years of age. Her sister, Emilia, was a pretty brunette, with a black laughing eye, stouter in her person, and some two years her junior. Add to these a beautiful child of eleven, then at a neighboring boarding school, and you have a fair introduction to the whole family.

The cloth had just been removed and the dessert stood on the table. The Squire was absorbed in reading the county newspaper, the young ladies were giggling about some village gossip, and Mrs. Talbot had taken a place in the deep window seat of the parlor that overlooked the orchard. Suddenly turning round, she exclaimed in a tone of evident uneasiness—

‘Here comes that fierce looking gipsy man! What *can* he want here?’

The girls started up and with an arm around each other’s waist, stood peeping through the half-closed window blinds.

The Squire dropped his paper and replied—‘No good, I promise you! Those gipsies are a sly and vicious race, and I would that they were legally banished from the land;’ and as he spoke, a frown gathered on his brow, and the tone of his voice betokened a degree of mental asperity unwonted to him.

But the lady placed her finger on her lip in token of silence, for the gipsy had reached the door. Upon being ushered into the room by the porter, he thus addressed the Squire:—

'Squire, will ye give our people a little dry straw for the camp? Last night's rain gave us a thorough drenching, and what we had is spoiled.'

With a severe eye and tone the Squire replied—'I never give your people any encouragement. They are a set of useless drones, and you, sirrah, had better bend those stout limbs to honest labor than to lead such a vagabond life.'

The large black eye of the gipsy shot forth a ray of fire, a slight quivering was observable on his lips and a heavy frown lowered on his sun-browed brow, as with an evident effort to suppress his feelings, he responded:—

'Squire Talbot, my people live after the manner of their fathers. You do the same. We live by the toil of our hands and the use of our good wits, you by the toil of others; but I came not here to defend my tribe but to get help. Will you afford it?'

'Pa! Pa! do give the man the straw!' exclaimed the two young ladies, alarmed at the stern manner of the gipsy.

'Silence, ladies,' said the offended father to his daughters, and then turning haughtily to the gipsy, he continued—'Begone, sirrah, and if you and your lazy crew are not off the manor lands to-morrow morning, you shall be favored with a seat in the stocks and a lodging in the cage, the most befitting places for such vagabonds.'

The tall and manly form of the gipsy rose into something like majesty, while the workings of his countenance plainly told the feelings of his chafed soul, at hearing this galling threat; then slowly raising his right arm, he pointed to the Squire, solemnly uttering this malediction:

'Squire Talbot, the curse of the whole gipsy tribe light upon you; injury and insult you have needlessly heaped upon them; henceforth they are your foes.—Hereafter you may fear whom you now despise. May the blight of ruin rest on

your possessions, and the blackness of hell rest on your heart!' and without allowing them time for a reply, he strode rapidly from the house.

'Husband,' said Mrs Talbot, 'I regret your severity to this proud beggar, and I fear this awful curse will not prove an empty threat. The gipsies are a revengeful and wicked people, and being numerous and artful, they seldom fail of means to accomplish their dark purposes.'

'I know them; alas! too well I know them! I know too, I have spoken too rashly to yonder fellow, but so strong is the remembrance of a cruel wrong inflicted by the tribe on our family, that I cannot restrain my feelings when I see one of their hated number.'

'A cruel wrong, Mr. Talbot!' exclaimed the surprised lady, 'do tell us when it happened and what it was?'

'I had hoped to suffer it to slumber undisturbed in my own bosom, but since the occasion calls forth the associations, and I have aroused your curiosity, I will endeavor to gratify it.'

'I had a brother,' and the Squire brushed away a tear, 'some two years younger than myself, and even at this distant hour I see him as when in boyish glee we gamboled together on yonder greensward, his plump and rounded form with his dark eye, & his raven like locks pass before me, and the shrill voice of his boyhood floats sweetly on my ear. We were all that survived in the family, and were always together by day and night. It is needless to say how strongly I loved him. He was the idol of the whole family; my fond mother worshipped him, and my father was equally fond of his darling Henry.'

'One summer's eve we played until after twilight. I felt very tired and leaving Henry in the orchard, ran in doors, desiring to go to bed. My wish was gratified, and Mary the nurse returned to find my brother. She called him, but he gave

no answer; she made the orchard and garden re-echo with her calls, but his well-known laugh did not return the call. She searched the house, with no better success. Henry was not to be found!

'This fact she communicated to my parents, but they, thinking he had only hid himself to torment the girl, paid but little attention to her information, until after another useless search she returned and with tears said to my father—

'Really, sir, master Henry is lost! He is indeed, sir! I have searched every where and cannot find him.'

'This effectually roused my father.—He began the search in good earnest. Servants and neighbors were all put in requisition; the fields, the woods, the lanes were all ransacked, but the morning dawned and he was still missing.—Still they continued their labors. The pond was dragged, the tank examined, and every thing done that human prudence could suggest; but the boy could not be discovered. It was too evident that *he was lost*.

'Nothing could exceed the distress that now reigned in our before happy family. My parents were inconsolable. So cruel, so unexpected a blow was more than their fortitude could sustain. My mother lived but to mourn. By day, she filled the house with her sighs, and by night, she streamed her pillow with tears; the arrow had pierced her heart, and in less than one year she reposed in the village grave-yard. My father never recovered this double visitation; life had lost its charms, and in a few years he too departed to the home of the weary.'

'But,' interrupted the listeners, as the tears ran down their cheeks, 'was Henry never heard from?'

'Never.'

'But what connection has this tale of sorrow with the gipsy?'

'Your interruption only prevented me from stating that one of his shoes was

found about two miles distant; and as a company of gipsies were known to have passed through the neighborhood on that unfortunate night, we surmised that he was stolen by them. Such is my conviction to the present hour, and I cannot but indulge the hope that he yet lives and will again gladden my eyes with his presence; and now,' continued he, 'I will show you the most valuable article in my possession.'

From the drawer of an old fashioned bureau, Mr. Talbot took a small parcel.—Carefully removing the folds of the envelopes, he at length produced *a boy's shoe!*

'Henry's shoe!' exclaimed his wife and daughters, as they eagerly examined this precious relic of a lost brother. After a few desultory remarks about the shoe, Mrs. Talbot turning to her husband, said:

'I know not, my husband, how you will receive the suggestion, but while that terrible gipsy man stood in the parlor, I fancied I saw beneath those dusky brows, the features of a Talbot. Your narrative forces that fancy on my mind, and who knows but that bold man may be your long lost brother!'

'Pshaw! madam. This is only a wayward fancy. Yon churlish fellow is no Talbot.'

But Mrs. Talbot was not to be silenced by a 'pshaw!' She had conceived a new idea and she determined it should be tested; so boldly returning to the charge, she replied—

'Husband, hear me—Whether my fancied discovery of resemblance be correct or otherwise, we have certainly excited the indignation of the gipsies. Let us conciliate them by taking a walk down the lane and I will indulge the women of the camp by allowing them to tell my fortune; and then you can closely observe the man and judge for yourself of the correctness of my suspicions.'

Here the girls uniting in their mother's

request and probably influenced by a secret curiosity to test his lady's suspicions, the Squire consented and a few minutes' saw the whole party on their way to the camp.

The gipsies' camp lay about half way down the lane leading from the manse and consisted of four small tents, composed of a few poles and covered with an old sheet or blanket, and erected under the shadow of the tall fence and the young hazel and birch trees that skirted the road. In front was their cooking apparatus—

‘A kettle slung

Between two poles upon a stick transverse.’

A light wagon or two stood on the road side, and some three or four donkeys with fettered legs grazed at their leisure on the fresh greensward in the lane.

A woman brown as the walnut sat on the turf in front of the tents, while in the rear stood the man who a few hours before had returned from his bootless errand to the Squire. When the party approached, the woman addressed the lady, for the girls hung back as if afraid to get too near this professor of palmistry.

‘Lady,’ said she, ‘shall I tell your fortune? I can tell what will become of your children, whether you will have good or bad fortune in the future, and I can answer any question you please about yourself.’

Mrs. Talbot silently gave her hand.—The gipsy pretended to examine its lines, and after a momentary pause said with a solemn tone and arch expression—

‘This line denotes a good temper in its possessor,’—the lady smiled—‘and this, good fortune and a happy marriage; but this speaks of sorrow. Lady! there is sadness in your future fortune. You will have sleepless nights. I can reveal no more!’

Here the Squire, who felt the profoundest contempt for such mummary, growing impatient, the lady deposited a guerdon

in the gipsy's hand, and they returned towards their home. Scarcely had they turned however, before the rattle of wheels and the tramp of approaching horses arrested their attention. It was a post chaise. As it reached them a little flaxen headed girl with a merry laugh peeped out of the window, and the whole party exclaimed in glad surprise—

‘Here is little Ellen!’ and it was the youngest daughter just returned from school to spend the vacation.

‘What do you think of the gipsy's likeness to the Talbots?’ asked Mrs. T. that evening.

‘I am exceedingly struck with your opinion. To-morrow I will see him and examine him on the facts of his history. Heaven grant it may be my long lost Henry!’

CHAPTER SECOND.

‘Ha! there he goes! A bitter curse go with him; A scathing curse.’—COLERIDGE.

The gipsies are an unknown race in America. In England large numbers of them continually traverse the country.—Of the origin of this strange people various conjectures are maintained. Sir Walter Scott traces them to Hindoostan, and argues that the ‘cant language’ they use is decidedly of Hindoo origin. Others contend that they originated in Egypt in the sixteenth century, when Selim settled the government of that country, and others again assign them a German paternity. Amid such conflicting opinions who shall decide? The reader must do it for himself.

But their manners and habits being matters of fact may be described. This has been done by the amiable Cowper, who undoubtedly drew his picture from personal observation, and for the proper elucidation of my tale, I shall transcribe his inspiring numbers:—

I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'er top the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which kindled with dry leaves, just saves un-
quenched

The spark of life. The sportive wind blows
wide

Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clear away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg; dumb only when they
steal.

* * * * *

Yet even these, though feigning sickness, oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping
limb,

And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers; and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes and make the woods re-
sound.'

Such are the gipsies, except that to these
traits they add a disposition occasionally
to decoy children from their homes, to
adopt as members of their tribe, and to
initiate into their habits and modes of
life.

When the gipsy left Squire Talbot, it
was with a galled and angry spirit. The
iron had entered his soul and he returned
to the camp, planning modes of revenge.
Upon reaching his tent, his nut-brown
wife received him with her wonted smiles
but he repulsed her with a look of fury,
and gruffly remarked—'We shall break
up camp to night at dark!'

Well knowing his temper she made no
reply, but after dispatching two or three
half-naked boys to the neighboring villa-
ges to call in the members of the tribe,
proceeded to pack up their few utensils
and prepare for the evening's march. The
gipsy meanwhile threw himself against
the outside of his tent, and half stand-
ing half leaning, appeared to be engag-
ed in deep thought. Thus he remained
for hours, and thus he stood when the
Squire and his lady visited their camp.

'Ye did well,' said he to his smiling
wife as she tendered him the half-crown
given her by the lady of the manse, 'to
tell her there was sorrow in her path.—
For, if there is wit in this brain and
strength in this arm, that haughty Squire
shall rue the day he offered insult to our
tribe. This night he feels the weight of a
gipsy's vengeance!' and his closed teeth
and clenched fist told the violence of his
emotions.

'Hush, George! the wind has a tongue,
and these trees have ears to betray us,'
responded his trembling wife. 'I hope
you will not take his life.'

'Peace, woman! What is it to thee?'
Enough to know that he suffers the full
weight of this burning indignation that
scorches me like an inward fire.'

Soon the children returned. Three
men followed from different directions,
and shortly after as many women. The
men were soon in close consultation and
the workings of their features told how
strong were the emotions that fired their
excited spirits.

No outward change, no stir was visible
without their camp that afternoon; a
stranger might have supposed no inten-
tion existed to change their residence
for months. But shortly after nightfall
the tents were suddenly and silently
struck, the donkeys harnessed into the
wagons and the whole troop in motion.
To the question, 'Where do we camp
next?' the response was simply, 'In the
coppice beyond the running walks on
Portsmouth Hill,' and the gipsy tribe soon
passed the bounds of Talbot manor.

But there were two tall figures seen
silently stealing from the gang towards
the manse. It was the gipsy George and
one of his comrades in iniquity.

As they reached the orchard they paus-
ed to consult, and in a few moments
George's companion leaped the fence and
glided across the orchard towards the

back of the manse. Left to himself, the gipsy paced up and down the lane, while a war of emotions was progressing in his bosom. So strong did his feelings grow, that forgetful of his danger, he broke out into a soliloquy:—

‘How strange is this feeling of kindness for that haughty Squire that steals over me in spite of myself! Why do I hesitate to do the deed? Has he not cruelly insulted me and my tribe! Vagabonds! eh? Advise me to work like a dastardly peasant, too! Insufferable insolence! What, I leave the freedom of a gipsy’s life for the bondage of servitude! Never! Sooner would I yield this poor life to the hangman than lose this genial freedom. But the Squire must suffer for his insult to our tribe; let me strike the blow? Ah what is it restrains me? Something tells I have seen this orchard before. How like the place where my memory tells me I gamboled in my boyhood! Who knows but it was here! And there was one who was my companion; mayhap a brother. What! can it be this Squire Talbot? It may be! Yet no! it is only a dream of the fancy; a delusion to lull the purpose of my coward soul to rest. It shall not be. Squire I hate thee! I have cursed thee! I will curse thee! Our tribe has cursed thee, and we must be revenged. I must away and make him feel the gipsy’s vengeance,’ and the violent man sprang over the fence and rapidly approached the manor house where all was quiet and peaceful as the stilly hour of midnight.

How terrible a feeling is revenge. It is more painful in its endurance than in its inflictions. Its workings previous to its gratification are diabolically severe, while the *victim* is entirely free from suffering. When gratified, the wrong of the sufferer is a dagger in the heart of the avenger, and no power short of the Divine Beneficence, can pluck it out. View it as we may, revenge inflicts more on its

unhappy perpetrator than on its unfortunate victim.—[*To be concluded.*]

SONG OF THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. C. ORNE.

Proud river of the West—the beauteous
bride
Of a still mightier stream—sounds sweet
and low,
As day fades in the gloom of eventide,
Steal from thy waves: yet sweeter those
that flow
From the clear streamlet winding near my
home,
My own New-England home.

Yes, thou art fair; but give me back the
brook,
That murmur’ing softly o’er its pebbly
bed,
Hushes its voice to linger in some nook,
O’er which the blushing wild-flower
bends its head:
The cool, clear, sparkling brook close by
my home,
My own New-England home.

Ye sunset clouds, now melting into air,
Silent as summer dew the flower-cup fills;
To wayward Fancy, ye’re not half as fair
As those that ling’ring o’er my native
hills,
I used, at eve, so oft to watch from home,
My own New-England home.

And ye bright flowers, though decked with
every hue,
Ye proudly flaunt upon the prairie’s
breast,
Give me a tuft of vi’lets, such as threw
Their fragrance round me, as I stop to rest
Beneath the old oak tree in sight of home,
My own New-England home.

Though birds as brilliant glance from tree
to tree,
As richest gems of oriental land;
Though sweet and varied is their melody,
Wafted abroad on Morning’s breezes
bland,
My heart is with the song-bird of my home,
My own New-England home.

Yes, gentle robin, when I hear thy song,
My bosom thrills to ev’ry mellow strain;
For then the loved, the absent round me
throng—
I’m in my own beloved home again:
My distant, and though humble, best loved
home,
My own New-England home.

The Essayist.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE.

‘The proper study of mankind is man.’—POPE.

After the Creator had called the world from original chaos, and assigned to each element its respective species, he created man in his own moral image. He endowed him with the powers of volition, and imposed but one command, the violation of which was punishable with death. Man as a free agent chose to violate this command, and thereby excluded himself from the favor of God, and entailed upon his posterity all the evils incident to human nature.

We, as descendants of Adam, are naturally depraved, and are destined to hold our sphere of action among beings fallen like ourselves. How important then, a knowledge of ourselves and the beings who surround us; how needful an acquaintance with the human heart, its motives, its springs of action, its designs, its ends; the *modus operandi* of the internal man; in a word how important a knowledge of human nature.

In what does this knowledge consist?—Inasmuch as the same general traits of character are developed to some extent in all, it consists in *knowing ourselves*. ‘Know thyself’ was a precept as wise as ancient, and he who defined it the consummation of all knowledge, was esteemed in point of wisdom little inferior to the gods. This sentiment pervades the best writers, and was acted upon by the best men. The ancient prophets enforced this precept, and their instructions in after years were repeated by divinely inspired apostles. The wisdom of Solomon seems to have consisted, not so much in an intuitive knowledge of the laws of matter and the constitution of the material world, as in a knowledge of mankind, an insight of the human heart—the climax of human knowledge, the essence of true wisdom. The mind of man is a world in miniature, and from attentive observation of its various princi-

ples, prejudices and passions from youth to age, we may gain a tolerable idea of the world at large.

Beside the fruitful sources of knowledge in the private possession of every individual, the world opens a broader field for analyzation and comparison, a more fruitful source of observation and experiment. The allotments of Providence, the reverses of fortune, the extremes of human happiness and misery, as well as the ordinary ebb and flow of the tide of human affairs, afford rich food to the contemplative mind, abundant reward to the student of human nature; so that scarce a day passes but in the usual walks of life, the customary routine of daily duties, we may witness new developements of nature, and by carefully considering their causes and effects, and *comparing with our own experience*, constantly increase our stock of this important knowledge.

Though the study of human nature may sometimes present scenes too dark for the philanthropist to contemplate with satisfaction, yet his attention will occasionally be arrested by some bright object, which demonstrates what man *once was*, contrasted with what he *now is*. Though a faithful delineation of the violence and wickedness of the world shocks the moral sensibilities of our nature, and our generous spirit recoils with horror at the enormity of human guilt and degradation, yet this same delineation will in after years be of the greatest service. If we would safely navigate the sea of life, we must study the chart which our predecessors have left us, though that chart disclose reefs and quicksands on which thousands have foundered and wrecked their all.

There is no situation in life where a knowledge of human nature is not of incalculable benefit; there is no avocation which promises success without it; there is no science in which men are actors that does not imperiously demand it. By its aid the orator holds the chained minds of his listening admirers; and rising to the grand and majestic, and again descending

with his subject to the simple and pathetic, sways them like the ocean tide, with the ebb and flow of his excited passions.—Seizing the fit moment, it enables him to wind up their imaginations to the greatest height, and observing his opportunity, to let them down again to their ordinary level at pleasure. By its aid the statesman matures his plans and brings them to bear upon the nation; it enables him to guide the ship of state safely over the sea of excited political canvass, with an arm that never wearies and adroitness which never fails of success. He steers directly over the shoals where common men prophesy nothing but shipwreck, and casts anchor and rides in safety, where common intellects can never fathom, and finally bears through his measures and anchors securely in his destined port. By its aid the general watches and thwarts the designs of his enemy, ensnares and defeats him—suppresses mutiny and rebellion in his forces, animates them in the hour of battle, encourages them in privation and danger, and maintains over them an absolute and undisputed command. By its aid kings preserve their crowns, and rulers enforce obedience; through its instrumentality men associate and form society.

But to no class of persons is a knowledge of human nature more indispensable than to authors; their reputation depends upon it; it is the only assurance of their success. Let not the young 'knight of the gray goosequill' venture to 'break a feeble lance' in the field of literature, until he has carefully studied the human soul, and learned at what points, and at what times it is pervious to rhetoric or reason. The sale and popularity of works now issuing from the press, depend upon the ability of the writer to paint nature, to dress her in acceptable language, to transfer life to paper. The days have long since passed by, when public taste, (vitiating as it was) was gratified by fairy tales, saint's legends, and wonderful deeds of knight errants; but now it is purified, and demands smoother numbers; lines that flow in unison with nature, that

run parallel with real life and harmonise, with the soul. Romance and fiction, which were once so dull and insipid, and only fostered unhallowed passions and unsanctified desires, now subserve a better end. Fictitious characters and allegorical illustrations, have now become the most pleasing and effectual medium of communicating, and instilling truth. What has shed such a halo of glory around the brow of Walter Scott, and raised him to his unequalled eminence in the reading world? What has given his poetry the stamp of imperishability? It was his knowledge of human nature, which shines out on every page, begetting sentiment, language and feeling, which 'can but by annihilating die.' Why do such works as *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Rokeby*, and *Lady of the Lake*, so interest the reading community? It is because they imitate *nature*; they lead the reader along a path he has before trodden and extend his view of objects already familiar. Because he sees the hero of the tale pursuing the same course he would have pursued under similar circumstances, and he feels a common sympathy with him in all his labors; he weeps with him when he weeps, and rejoices when he rejoices.

In no branch of knowledge does the modesty of true science appear more conspicuous than in this; and no stronger evidence is needed of the total ignorance of an individual, than to hear him boasting of his ready acquisitions.

By recurring to past history these positions may be fortified by facts of the strongest bearing. In all the convulsions that have agitated nations, those men are seen proudly careering on fallen dignity, and rising on the ruins of empire to eminence and distinction, who are best acquainted with man, whose minds are most thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of human nature. But has not enough been said to convince the reflecting mind, that as 'knowledge is power' so is the knowledge of human nature the most effective power?

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT,
OR THE FACTORY GIRL.

The Sabbath had been damp and cold, but during the night one of those sudden changes occurred, so common in New England, and Monday morning presented one of Winter's loveliest days. The clear, pure air seemed to bear health upon its pinions, the blue stream that carried the wheels of the 'white mill' appeared to leap with new life, and even the many-windowed factory itself, looked, in the light of the bright sun, an object to be admired.

The rich, the gay, the fashionable, as they chance, on excursions of pleasure, to pass through the factory villages which are scattered over the vales of New England, may feel no other sensations arise than self-gratulation, or cold pity; but in the breast of the benevolent, far other emotions will be awakened. His imagination will portray the homeless and penniless orphan, here finding the means of honorable support, and even provision for the future; the desolate widow maintained by the exertions of her daughter; the laborer relieved from the burden of supporting the older members of the family, that the little ones may be clothed and educated. Despise not my tale of truth because its scene is laid in a manufacturing village, and its heroine a 'factory girl.'

The breakfast bell had not yet tolled, but many of the occupants of the weaving room had returned from their morning meal, and were scattered about the room or collected in small groups, by the sunny windows. The whole apartment wore an aspect of neatness, cheerfulness, and even taste. The floor had been scoured, and every loom nicely cleaned the Saturday preceding, and no 'waste' was there allowed to collect. The windows were shaded with white curtains, nice-

ly fringed, confined in festoons at the sides, and filled with pots containing a variety of fresh plants and flowers. Here might be seen a rosy-cheeked lover of nature, whose passion for flowers was not controlled by water-wheels or flying shuttles, watering and arranging her plants; there, a delicate girl seizing a few moments to gratify her taste for reading; and not far from her, one whose earnest eye and swift needle bespoke the future care-taking matron. Near one pleasant window were several young ladies engaged in earnest conversation.—They were evidently much interested, and some countenances wore not only an animation, but a beauty which might have been envied by the city belle.

'I never went to so solemn a meeting as we had last night,' said a sober girl, whose eye told that the solemnity had reached her own heart.

'Nor I,' said another; 'and do you know that Clara Morey indulged a hope last night?'

'Clara Morey?' exclaimed a third—'I thought she was good enough without a change.'

'Oh, how can you say so?' said a fourth, who was one of the hopeful converts; 'none are so good by nature that they do not need grace.'

At this moment, another joined the group. She had sandy hair, bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks, a genteel figure, and a face that might have been beautiful, but that an expression of vanity and spirit led an observer to suspect an unamiable temper. She had once been a professor of religion, but having found herself deceived, she supposed all others so who thought themselves renewed, and treated all serious subjects with an air of ridicule. 'Ah,' said she, with a toss of the head, 'Clara has turned religious, has she? I wonder what James Hart will say to that?'

'Why, he will probably be pleased if

she is happy,' answered the fourth speaker; 'why should he not, Elvira?'

'I hardly think he will like her any better for her religion,' answered Elvira, in rather a sharp tone.

At this moment, Clara entered, and the conversation closed. She was rather a slender girl, with large, mild black eyes, and a countenance which, at all times lovely, now shone with a calm radiance that evinced the tranquility of a heart at peace with God. There could hardly be imagined a greater contrast in natural character than that exhibited by Clara Morey and Elvira Pratt. Clara was amiable, retiring, sedate and sincere, and won not only the affection, but the respect of her acquaintances. Elvira was gay and fascinating, but envious and deceitful.—She had good abilities, and a better education than many of her associates; almost all sought her society, none dared to offend her, yet many believed her an unprincipled young woman, and none regarded her with real esteem. James Hart, the young man whose name was mentioned by Elvira, had long been known to be engaged to Clara, and the ensuing Spring had been fixed upon as the period of their marriage. James was decidedly the most genteel young man in the village. His character, too, stood fair; he was enterprising and industrious, and attentive to the social duties of life; and if there were some who thought him too fond of dress and display, and too passionate for the mild Clara, none had whispered it in her ear, and if they had, their caution would have been unheeded, for she loved with all the ardor of a first affection.

Elvira was more than suspected of being a coquette. She had even boasted that she had gained the affections of those who were attached to others, that she might triumph over the forsaken, and, when her object was accomplished, dismissed them, as she would have thrown

aside the trifle which had amused for a moment. She had never attempted to attract the attention of James, for his attachment to Clara was so well known that she would have considered it useless. She had now, however, a new ground for action, and she determined to make the attempt.

Not long after the conversation related above, Hart called at her boarding-house, and she commenced her attack, by ridiculing Clara.

'So,' said she, 'Clara Morey is one of the converts, is she?'

'So she thinks,' returned James, drily.

'Well, I suppose she cares for nothing but meetings now; does she condescend to speak to you, who are not a saint?'

James was disturbed. He had before felt the natural enmity of his heart against vital religion, rising into opposition, and scorned to think that even a Savior's love should occupy the first place in that heart where he had so long been idol. He answered gaily, but his countenance told the feelings of his heart.

Elvira saw it, and followed up the advantage gained. 'There is to be a baptizing soon,' said she, 'and some of the Jones' [a family who had been but little respected in the village] are to be baptized, and I dare say Clara will go forward with them, for they are her *sisters* now, you know.'

'Never,' exclaimed James, his temper no longer governable; 'she shall not be baptized with them, if I can prevent it.'

'It is hardly probable your opinion will make any difference, now that she is so much influenced by the minister,' answered Elvira, calmly.

'It *will* make difference,' returned James, and hastily left the house.

He sought Clara, and found that she was indeed intending to own her love to the Savior at the same time with the Joneses. He used all his powers of persuasion to induce her to postpone her baptism till another time. Clara felt that she could not be contaminated by asso-

ciating with any disciple of Jesus, however humble; but she could not bear to oppose the wishes of James, and, with the gentleness natural to her, she promised to defer her baptism till the next opportunity, and he gave his full consent that she should then perform what she considered her duty.

A month passed away, and during that time the artful Elvira sought every opportunity to prejudice the mind of James, and point her shafts of ridicule at Clara, till he regretted that he had given his consent to her making a profession of religion, and looked forward with anxiety to the day of her baptism. The day arrived, and, instead of the old and respected man who usually administered that ordinance, appeared a young and unpopular preacher. Here was at least a shadow of a reason for further delay, and James eagerly availed himself of it, to persuade Clara again to defer duty. But the yielding Clara met his proposal with an unusual decision. 'No, James,' said she, 'no, I have deferred what I thought duty once, I cannot do it again, not even for *you*, for whom I would do anything that did not oppose conscience.'

James had no reason to be offended, yet he felt angry. He could not help seeing that Clara was governed by a new and holy principle, one to which he was a stranger, and in which he could not sympathize. That evening, as he started as usual to accompany Clara to meeting, he seemed impelled by an influence almost irresistible, to call on Elvira. Elvira again exerted her powers of ridicule, and when at last, in the madness of the moment, he owned that he was offended, that Clara had acted contrary to his expressed wishes, she said to him playfully, 'Come, spend the evening with me, just to tease her a little for once, she may need time for meditation, and if not the society of her 'brethren and sisters' will be sufficient.'

The last insinuation sufficed. 'Yes,' said James, 'I will stay here, and show her that I do not like her obstinacy.'

The next morning, Clara entered the weaving room with a sad, though calm, countenance. She had done what she believed her duty, and she did not repent her course, but she had found that trials are strewn in the Christian's pathway.

Not so Elvira; she could not conceal the air of triumph which lurked beneath her smile of careless gaiety. She sought the first opportunity to speak with Lucy Rodney, the room-mate and intimate friend of Clara. 'Was James Hart at your house last night?' said she.

'No,' said Lucy, gravely, for she sympathized with Clara, and was shocked at the heartlessness of Elvira.

'Well, do you know where he was?'

'No,' said Lucy; 'I only heard that he was not sick.'

'Well, I know where he was—he spent the evening with me, and a long evening, too.'

'Elvira,' said Lucy, 'if you are trying to influence James, and prejudice him against Clara, you must feel that you are doing wrong. You know she is one of the best girls in the world, and they have long loved one another, and are solemnly pledged to become united. I do not think you will succeed in separating them, but you may make both unhappy, and gain nothing.'

'We shall see,' said Elvira; and her eyes flashed with passion.

That evening, James visited Clara, and, with the ingenuousness that often accompanies quick passions, confessed his fault without extenuation. He explained his motives, and said, 'You know I care nothing about Elvira; she knew my weakness, and purposely ruffled my temper; forgive me, and I will never grieve you in this way again.'

Clara felt that she could not, as she hoped to be forgiven, harbor ill-will against

any human being—how could she refuse to forgive *him* when he appeared so sorrowful? All was forgotten, and as James voluntarily accompanied her to meetings after this period, hope sprung up in her heart that grace might yet triumph over his sins, as it had done over hers.

Elvira felt piqued. She had determined to rival Clara, and she felt that her pride would be wounded if she did not succeed. She sent for James to visit her. He did so, and the next evening, the one on which Clara was expecting him, was passed with her.

Again he confessed his fault, and Clara forgave him, though with a saddened heart. Soon after, he saw Elvira, and, with a strange infatuation, spent evening after evening in her society. Clara felt that she could not be thus trifled with, and, with a mighty effort, she determined upon her future course. Ere long, James requested her to pass an evening with him. Her answer was, 'No: I have done nothing which ought to offend you, and my reputation must not suffer from your fickleness. Already your conduct has become the theme of conversation in the village; if you love Elvira, marry her, and think no more of me—let God judge between us; if not, visit neither her nor me for three months, and at the end of that time we will be united, if that be your wish. I have loved you, James,' her voice faltered, 'you know how truly, but I cannot be trifled with any longer.'

She left him, and retired to her room; but though she had gone through her painful duty with a firmness contrary to her nature, yet it was not in the power of woman to tear from her heart the image so long enshrined there, without a deep struggle. All night Lucy was disturbed by her deep sobs, or stifled groans.—'Ah,' said she, in answer to Lucy's attempts to console her, 'I have gone through a painful struggle. You know I have known James almost from childhood,

and never loved any other, and now that he should treat me as he has done, because I did what I thought duty—oh, what a conflict I have had; I hardly knew whether to obey God or man—but I am glad I have done as I have.'

In a small village, few 'love matters' are kept secret; and Clara's decision was soon the subject of village gossip. Elvira knew the conditions on which James was again to be received into Clara's favor, and she declared that he should never marry her, if she could prevent. In vain her acquaintances remonstrated with her, and warned her that she could expect no happiness if connected with James Hart; she assured them she would be, if in her power, even if sure he would heap abuse upon abuse. Poor infatuated girl, how bitter the draught she was preparing for herself!

It was now midsummer, and a group was again collected by the window of the weaving room.

'Only to think,' said Lydia Ames, 'that James Hart should be published, and not to Clara Morey; why, when I first came here, I should almost as soon have thought that my father and mother would have separated, as that James and Clara would not have married.'

'Yes,' said another, 'and did you know that after he broke his first promise not to visit Elvira for three months, he made the same promise in the presence of Mr and Mrs Judson, where she boards, for she preferred they should be present; and when the agent talked to him, only a little while since, and told him, that he was doing wrong, he said he did not love Elvira, but Clara had always done right, and he loved her yet?'

'And think, too,' said a young girl, who had just begun to earn money, 'how much she spent for silver spoons, and other things for house-keeping.'

'Well,' said a fourth, 'I do not think James or Elvira will ever be happy. I

should rather take Clara's place than either of theirs.'

James and Elvira were married. The nuptials were gay, and they *seemed* happy. Clara was calm, though sad, at first; but by degrees she became cheerful, though her countenance wore a chastened expression which added to its placid loveliness. When the gay and the young assembled for amusement, she was no longer one of the number, but wherever the pious met for worship, or the songs of gratitude to God were sang, there the meek eye of Clara shone conspicuous in beauty. Did she regret that she had chosen the service of God, rather than the love of man? Those who knew her best, said she was happy, though not gay.

It was not so with Elvira. Not a year had elapsed before frequent and violent bickerings between her husband and herself became common. She knew she had been obliged to use every art in her power to win him from Clara, and she believed he still loved her in his heart.—He knew her conduct had been that of an unprincipled and heartless woman, and he could not believe her protestations of affection. Both possessed violent tempers, and their mutual jealousies and reproaches soon became a common topic of conversation. James grew misanthropic and morose, and seemed to take delight in tormenting the miserable Elvira. From priding himself on always being handsomely dressed, he became exceedingly slovenly, and soon lost all attention to the decencies of life. He who used always to be in his seat at church on the Sabbath, and constant at his business during the week, now spent the Sabbath strolling the woods and fields with a dog and gun, and paid little attention to business; and those who knew him in former days exclaimed, 'Can that be James Hart?'

At length, he resorted to the frequent solace of the self-condemned, the cup of

strong drink, and Elvira was often obliged to flee from his abuse to the protection of the neighbors, and sad indeed were the hours of hard toil which she spent to provide for herself and little one, without one smile of affection from her husband. At last, she left him, and sought an asylum in her father's house. James promised amendment, and she returned to his dwelling; but he who had broken his promises to the true-hearted Clara, did not learn to keep them to the intriguing Elvira, and her return was followed by new abuses.

Who can doubt that Mrs Hart often thought of Clara, still young and handsome, respected and beloved, singing by the clean loom, and receiving monthly not only enough to support herself, and give to the cause of God she loved so well, but a surplus to place in the savings bank. We will hope she did not envy her the condition in which she had been the means of obliging her to remain.—And Clara certainly did not envy *her*.—'Oh,' she would sometimes remark to her particular friends, 'how thankful, how *very* thankful I ought to be to a kind Providence, who saved me from becoming connected with such a man. Elvira tried to injure me without provocation; how severely has she been punished; from the bottom of my heart I pity her.'

'Who was that fine looking young man who sat in Mr Judson's pew, yesterday?' said Lydia Ames to Lucy Rodney, one Monday morning, about four years from the commencement of our story.

'It was the young man who brought our Clara home,' answered Lucy.

'Was it? He is better looking than James Hart ever was, and he has the appearance of a gentleman, though he is not so foppish as James was; I am glad for her,' said Lydia.

'And I,' said one near her, 'And I,' 'And I,' 'And I,' responded a

third, fourth and fifth, for there was no envious Elvira there.

‘He has more education than James had,’ said Lucy, ‘and he thinks himself a christian, which is very pleasant to Clara.’

‘And do you think he will marry her?’ asked one.

‘I do, though Clara says she shall never dare to anticipate as she did before.’

David Lyon was indeed a man of a character more exalted than James Hart ever possessed; he valued Clara, not only for her beauty and loveliness, but for that piety which had rendered her less interesting to her former lover.

‘Ah!’ said James Hart, when he heard Clara was published, ‘her name should never have been Clara Lyon; it should have been — you know what; she was too good for me; but if Clara Morey had been my wife I should have been James Hart, not what I now am.’

Clara has been married several years; her husband is a merchant in comfortable circumstances. They have the means of giving their children a good education, and every thing necessary to earthly happiness, sweetened by the hope of being united in a better world.

Reader, the above is no fiction; it is not even founded on fact. The facts, and much of the conversation, are such as were related to me by one who knew them as they transpired. This is only one of the cases frequently occurring, proving the common truth that those who ‘break the promise of marriage are seldom prospered in a future connection,’ and also that ‘the path of duty is the path of safety.’

L. B. M.

From the German.

AN ENDEARING AFFECTION.

It is not long since the following extraordinary adventure is said to have taken place in one of the districts of Hungary.

A number of workmen being engaged in opening a communication between two mines, discovered the body of a miner, apparently about twenty years of age, whose position showed that he had fallen a victim to one of those accidents of frequent occurrence in these subterraneous excavations.

The men remarked that the body seemed to have lost nothing of its flexibility and suppleness; and the state of perfect preservation, likewise, in which it was found, was attributed by scientific men, to the effect of vitriolic water in the mine.

On being exposed to the air, the body became stiff; but the features and expression of the face were not changed.— Still it could not be recognized, although there was a confused recollection in the neighborhood, respecting the time when the accident occurred, reported in the village to have been above half a century ago.

No farther inquiries, however, were made, and they quietly proceeded to inter the corpse according to the usual forms, when all at once, there appeared an old woman, hastening as fast as her crutches would carry her, towards the spot. On hearing the circumstance, she had quitted her bed, where she had been confined during many years—and insisted upon seeing the features of the deceased.— Spite the wrinkles and fixed expression of her countenance, it betrayed uncommon agitation and anxiety, mingled with a singular air of satisfaction, which had in it something almost supernatural and inspired.

She approached and fixed her eyes upon the features of the corpse, threw aside the long hair that concealed part of the forehead, then bursting into tears and piercing cries, she exclaimed that she had found the body of her lover, to whom she was on the eve of being united sixty years before, when he so suddenly disappeared. When her tears had ceased to flow, she returned thanks to heaven for having permitted her to see again, the object of her first attachment, adding, ‘Now, indeed, I shall die content.’

The violence of her feelings was more than her feeble frame could support.— The peasants wished to carry her home; but her mind seemed to have broken the last links that bound it to earth, and she was laid in the same grave with him from whom she had been so long and strangely separated.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

E L L E N :

OR, A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's drops refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head."

SCOTT.

Near my father's house lived an aged soldier, whose neat cottage I loved to visit in my school-boy days, to hear the venerable man relate the tales of adventure with which his life abounded. Many a time have I spent the evening under his roof, seated by his blazing fire, and drank in with an eager ear, his stories of the revolution. But it is not my purpose to give a history of these narrations, or to gratify your love of the marvellous, gentle reader, in this sketch, by delineating the so often repeated course of 'gentle love.' Be mine the task to portray a picture of filial virtue. I was not more pleased with the conversation of Mr Gillet, (for that was his name,) than with his rural simplicity, and open frankness of manners. Every thing both within and without the cottage appeared neat and in order. He had married late in life a most amiable woman, possessed of natural goodness of heart, which was developed, strengthened and refined by the principles and spirit of the gospel. After living with her some years, enjoying all the happiness which life affords, the ills of which were lightened by their mutual love, he was left a widower, with an only daughter of four years of age, who promised to be the very picture of her now sainted mother, both in person and in disposition; having already even at that tender age received on her susceptible mind an impress from her mother's plastic hand, destined to shape her future character. So true is it that mothers make the characters of their children to a degree beyond what they themselves are aware. Nor were the example and precept of her venerable father

such as to counteract in any degree the impulse thus early given to virtue. Ellen, under the eye of her affectionate father, (for he loved her even more than only children are wont to be loved,) away from the bad influence of the vices of more populous places, soon grew up, so as to be able to take charge of his home. Perhaps this circumstance, together with her being compelled, from having lost her mother, early to exercise her own judgment, and to depend upon her own resources, gave her more than common sound sense and discretion in regard to the every day things of life, and developed the traits of the woman far above her years. The fastidious, who seek for beauty only in gracefulness of form, a fair complexion and regular features, perhaps would not have called her *very* beautiful, yet to more than a mediocrity of beauty in these respects, was added an expression of countenance so frank and open, that it needed but one glance to convince you, that there shone forth a soul generous, noble, confiding; free from suspicion, and ignorant of evil; without which beauty is vain, and like the lonely flower blooming over the loathsome dead.

Ellen was from her infancy tenderly attached to her father, and after having lost her mother, he was her only confidant and protector. I have heard her father say—'Heaven bless you, Ellen! you have ever been good, never having by disobedience or self-will, given me cause for a moment of uneasiness. If heaven ever rewards virtue in this world, it will reward you after death has separated me from you, which I think will be soon.'

'Yes,' said Ellen, 'I doubt not heaven will protect me, and give me every necessary blessing, if I walk in wisdom's ways. But why do you talk of dying? That event I hope is far distant. I could almost wish it beyond the period of my own departure; for to be deprived of you, I feel, would be worse than death. At least let us enjoy gratefully the bounties of heaven, and each other's society and affection, without seeking to embitter the present by contemplat-

ing the possibility or probability that we may be so soon separated.'

Revolving years passed on, and as I visited the rural cottage, I remarked the change which age was rapidly making on the noble visage of my revered friend. His step became more tottering; a staff was necessary when he left the house, to enable him to walk without the danger of falling, and Ellen frequently accompanied him on his morning or evening walk, on whose arm at such times he gently leaned. Or, if he rode out, Ellen accompanied him to drive. What sight more noble or affecting than to behold the young thus supporting and guiding in turn the old on whom previously they have leaned? If there be a sight on earth pleasing to angels, this must be one; and it can but be viewed with complacency by Him who has said—'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Often have I thus seen the old gentleman and his daughter walking forth to catch the morning breeze, or hear the matins of the feathered race. Often have I seen them, as the sun was declining behind the western hills, stop to gaze on the golden tinged landscape, the one as if almost taking his farewell look of familiar scenes, the other with all the enthusiasm of youth, and the joy of an admirer of nature. Often have I seen them at the ancient church, after my friend could walk only as described above. And as they passed up the aisle, all remarked the kindness of Ellen, in thus supporting the feeble steps of her aged father. One might see that such virtue commanded respect and admiration, (as virtue ever must,) from all present, how-muchsoever they might have scorned the practice of it. But the time was drawing on when that noble man must be laid in the dust, and those lips, to whose sound I with others had so often listened with delight, were to be hushed in death.

It was on a September evening, the oppressive heat of summer had passed away, and that pensive gloom had spread over the land so congenial to a mind inclined to melancholy; my friend walked into his

fields alone, Ellen being necessarily detained in the house. The sun had gone down, leaving the entire west burnished with gold; the stars were just beginning to emit their dim light amid the shades of evening which were gathering around, and the full moon was beginning to show one edge of her broad disc in the east, when Ellen becoming alarmed at her father's absence, protracted beyond his usual time, set out in search of him. She had not proceeded far in the direction in which she supposed he had gone, before she saw him in the orchard seated apparently upon a mound of earth. Proceeding towards him with nimble steps, and thinking he had merely sat down to rest a few moments, she accosted him, but to her surprise, received no answer; nor did he move. She then first noticed that his head was sunk low upon his bosom. Alarmed, she sprang to his side, and found him in a state of insensibility. Overwhelmed with grief, she stood over him a moment, nearly in a state of insensibility herself, while

—“Loose to the evening breeze,
Flowed her brown hair; and on her rubi'd cheek
Hung pity's chrystal gem.”

But soon arousing, she darted to a cottage which stood at a short distance, calling for assistance, which was immediately obtained; and the old gentleman partly revived, was carried to his house, and a physician called. Soon he was so far restored as to be able to converse. He remembered the circumstances of his walk, until he came to the place where he was found, and there feeling faint and dizzy, he sat down, after which he knew no more until he arrived at the house. Feeling this to be a summons for his departure, he called Ellen to his side and said—‘I shall soon leave you, child, but do not be excessively grieved on my account. I fear not to die, for I have endeavored to serve my God faithfully in health, and I know he will not forsake me in the hour of sickness and death. Follow the principles I have recommended, exercise the same benevolence and sweetness of disposition you have ever manifested; and above all, put and

continue your trust in the Saviour of men ; then I trust you will again meet me, with your sainted mother, who has gone before, on the plains of immortality, by the river of life.' Ellen, touched with the keenest sorrow, could only reply with a flood of tears ; and laid her head by the side of her father's and wept. She felt a dark cloud of gloom and despair gathering around her soul, but knowing it to be her duty both for her own sake, and that of her loved father, whose care depended mostly on her whom he thought could do any thing better for him than another, to shake it off ; for this purpose she engaged in waiting upon him. Death appeared now gradually approaching, and my friend was calmly verging towards the tomb. Ellen, leaning over his couch with the fondest anxiety, and anticipating his every wish with the most anxious care, scarcely allowed herself sufficient time for necessary rest.

The deep devotion of that affectionate daughter, and her filial piety manifested on this trying occasion, especially, and all through her life, made a lasting impression on my young mind.

The room in which the sick man lay, opened by a window to the west, from which might be viewed an extensive and romantic landscape, consisting of hills crowned with waving woods, divided by vales covered with orchards, pasture lands, and rich meadows ; whilst far as the eye was permitted to extend, the heavens seemed to rest on a ridge of hills higher than the others ; behind which on clear evenings the luminary of day sunk, gilding them with his departing glory. It was on the sixth evening after Mr G. was carried to his room as above described ; the sun was fast approaching the blue ridge which bounded the western prospect, his last rays were mildly pouring into the chamber of sickness, as if the emblem of that light which through Jesus Christ illumines the otherwise dark and gloomy tomb : when he manifested a desire to be raised up a little, so that he might once more behold the sun and the landscape on which he had so frequently gazed with transport and

delight. Thus being raised, he faintly ejaculated—' God bless you, Ellen ;' and while she held him by the hand, feebly smiling, he gazed at the sun until it had almost disappeared ; then gently pressing her hand, he whispered—' Farewell daughter, and thou sun.' At that moment his head sunk upon his breast, and he breathed no more. Ellen stood for a while with grief swelling in her heart like the pent up fires of the mountain, but without a tear ; at length they burst, and flowed in torrents, 'as tempests melt in rain.' But it was not until after the funeral ; after the cold clod of the valley covered the last of all that was dear to her on earth, that she felt the full extent of her loss. Then an indescribable feeling of loneliness crept over her heart, and she truly felt that

'A barren waste and desert wide,
Was all the earth, as ocean's tide.'

The sequel of Ellen's history it is unnecessary to pursue. Suffice it to say that heaven did bless her even in this life, raised her up many friends when she thought herself friendless ; and bestowed upon her all other needful blessings. Reader, if you have a parent, exhibit the filial love of Ellen Gillet. N.

The Mother.

From the National Ægis.

THE INFANT'S WELCOME.

Welcome ! little weeping stranger
To this varied world of ours ;
Here are sorrow, pain and danger,
Sunny spots and fragrant flowers.

Welcome to our warm embraces ;
Happy parents, hail thy birth,—
Thine, be thy mother's virtues, graces,
Thine, thy father's spotless worth.

To his *arms*, Heaven gives thee, treasure,
To her *bosom*, there's thy rest ;
Love the purerst, without measure,
Ever fills a mother's breast.

Live, return their fond caressing,
Soothe their sorrows, dry their tears,
Be their richest, choicest blessing,
Cheer them down the vale of years.

Live, that when thy friends assemble,
Weeping at thy bed of death,
No past deeds shall make thee tremble,
But with smiles resign thy breath.

THE LAST RELIC.

"And must this dear token be parted with to satisfy the insatiate avarice of an unfeeling landlord?" sorrowfully murmured the unfortunate and reduced Mrs. Walton, as she gazed mournfully upon a diamond ring which had been presented to her by her deceased husband a few days previous to her marriage.

James Walton was a sea captain, and was in affluent circumstances when he took the amiable and accomplished Miss Wardon to his bosom.—Prosperity crowned his exertions, and fortune smiled on all his commercial speculations, for a series of years, during which time, his adored wife had given to his arms two lovely daughters, Jane and Eliza.

At length, loss after loss came upon him, and his property dwindled down to a few thousands. He yet, however, had enough to support his family; but in an unlucky moment, he vested his all in one venture, and sailed himself on this last voyage, in the hopes of disposing of his cargo better than another one could do for him. On arriving at his destined port, sickness seized him, and the fell destroyer, Death, shortly numbered him as a victim for the grave. His property was sacrificed, and the proceeds squandered by those in whose hands it unfortunately was consigned.

The blow came like a thunderbolt on the wretched Mrs. Walton, yet she survived the heart-rending intelligence of her widowhood, and the inevitable poverty to which now she was reduced.—She curtailed all her expenses, and hired but one solitary room for herself and daughters—disposed of all her superfluous furniture, and deprived herself of the luxuries—nay, even many of the necessities of life.

A year or two rolled on, and Jane and Eliza, who had just entered their teens, began to see the daily distress that agitated their beloved parent; and every quarter day added fresh distress to the wretched mother. She had parted with every thing valuable in her possession, except this ring. It was the last relic that remained as a token of remembrance of her departed husband.

"Alas, it must go," at length said she, putting it back into a small box, where it had lain since her circumstances had become too reduced to wear an ornament of such value.

"Oh, give it to me, ma," said Jane, as a thundering rap was heard at the door, and in a moment Mr Hardheart entered unceremoniously, and took a seat.

"This is quarter day, ma'am," said he. "I called to see if you had made out my rent."

"I have not as yet, sir," replied Mrs Walton, "but I will endeavor to get it for you by to-morrow."

"I can't wait until to-morrow. I must have to-day, or you budge, bag and baggage," retorted the unfeeling landlord, rising and moving towards the door, out of which he started as unceremoniously as he entered.

"Unfeeling man," said Mrs Walton, as he disappeared, and the tears started to her eyes, as she cast them upon her two daughters, who sat looking sorrowfully at her.

"How much do we owe Mr Hardheart, ma?" innocently asked Jane.

"More than I am able to pay, my dear children," answered Mr Walton, rising and putting on her things, and telling Eliza to accompany her.

She took the box containing the valuable relic with a heavy heart, and followed by Eliza, reached a pawnbroker's establishment, which, with down cast eyes, she immediately entered; and so intent was she absorbed in the distresses of her situation, that she scarcely noticed the crowd that was in the room.

"I wish to dispose of this ring, sir," said she, laying the box upon the counter.

There was something in the tones of her voice that was thrilling and mournful, and in an instant all eyes were directed towards her.

"How much do you expect on this, ma'am," said the clerk, examining the sparkling stone that glistened in the ring.

"I wish for its value only, sir," replied Mrs W. in a confused and still sorrowful voice.

"I can only let you have half its value, ma'am," said the clerk.

"Pay her its whole value, Mr Screw-hard," said a voice from an old weather-beaten gentleman. "I will purchase it of you to the utmost extent of the price you give."

The clerk counted out thirty dollars, and Mrs Walton took it with a heavy heart, casting her eyes first mournfully upon the ring, and then turning them gratefully upon the compassionate stran-

ger, left the shop and returned to her habitation.

'Ah, this will satisfy him for this time,' said she, entering once more the dwelling, 'but the ring is gone, and now not a token remains.'

Soon after she returned from disposing of her last relic, a rap was heard at the door, and a man inquired for Mrs. Walton, handing a package directed to her, neatly made up—on delivering which he immediately departed.

She broke the seal of the envelope, and among a roll of bank notes, she beheld her ring with a slip of paper attached to it, on which were these words—"PART WITH IT NO MORE."

Surprised at the singular, unexpected return of the invaluable trinket, she instantly rose in hopes of again seeing the bearer, to make some inquiries, but he had got out of sight.

'Who could have done this act but the stranger who spoke so compassionately in the shop?' thought she to herself; and again putting on her things, hurried to the pawnbroker's.

Here she inquired for the purchaser of her ring, and learnt that it was the gentleman who was present when she disposed of it, who had bought the same soon after leaving the shop, and had also departed immediately. His name or place of residence, the man of the shop could not tell.

Mrs. W. returned home. The roll of bank bills contained five hundred dollars. She knew not what to do for some time—at length, making up her mind, she resolved to keep it until necessity compelled her to 'dispose of any part of the munificent present. She put the ring in its accustomed place, resolved to fulfil the words of her unknown benefactor, and 'part with it no more.'

She never heard of her benefactor after this; but never ceased to remember that unbounded generosity in a stranger which had preserved her last token, and made her comparatively rich and happy.

SONG OVER A CHILD.

BY BARRY CORNWALLD.

Dream, baby, dream!
The stars are glowing;
Hear'st thou the stream?
'Tis softly flowing;
All gently glide the hours;
Above no tempest lowers:

Below are fragrant flowers
In silence glowing.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow.
Why should thou weep
Who know'st not sorrow?
Too soon come pain and fears—
Too soon a cause for tears;
So from thy future years,
No sadness borrow.

Dream, baby, dream—
Thine eye-lids quiver,
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river?
It saith, "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure;
So shall thy life endure
Like mine—forever?"

'THY WILL BE DONE.'

A mother was kneeling in the soft light of the dying day, by the side of her suffering babe; the deep, low-breathed accents of the father went up in supplication, as if to the very ear of the Eternal. 'O! Thou, who didst weep at the grave of Lazarus, and dost note every pulsation of the human heart, look down in thy compassion on our helpless child. O! save him for thy mercy's sake! Whatever else thou withholdest, give us the life of our sweet babe.'

'Amen,' responded the trembling voice of the heartstricken mother, as she wiped away the cold sweat from his pale forehead. 'O! William, I cannot give him up yet,' she added, 'he is so lovely, and then he is our only one; surely your petition will be granted.'

The unconscious infant lay motionless in its cradle; its little bosom heaved with the faint breath of life; its tiny fingers were half hid beneath its golden hair, while the sweet smile that played around its fevered lips, seemed to respond to the whispering of angels, as if they were already welcoming the freed spirit to the land of light. The father and mother gazed upon it with an intensity that none but a parent's heart can feel. Gradually the smile relaxed—the hand fell down upon its bosom—the throbbing of the heart became more tranquil—a moisture diffused itself over the skin, and a sweet sleep fell upon it, clothing it as with a mantle.

Long and quietly it slumbered; and when the eye opened, and the lip moved, its cherub face seemed irradiated with

unearthly intelligence and purity. Day after day, and night after night, the father and mother watched their boy, as he was slowly restored to health and activity.—God spared him, and he grew up in loveliness, the pride of his parents. Pestilence stalked abroad. Death laid low the young and the beautiful. Still their child, as if by some talismanic spell, was preserved, and the fond mother thanked God in her heart, that he yet lived to comfort her.

Time passed on. Again the mother bent over him; a blighted, blasted being. The cherub smile of infantine innocence had given place to the intensity of remorse, and the sternness of despair. The fair boy had grown to manhood. He had gone forth into the world. He had mingled with the giddy throng that pursue the syren Pleasure, till they find too late that with her, joy is but a name, and hope a phantom; that she leads to sorrow and to death. Her contaminating, withering influence overmastered him, and he went onward till the poisonous mildew of guilt settled on his soul, and wasted his existence.

‘Let me curse God and die,’ said the wretched sufferer.

‘O! that thou hadst died in the calmness and sweetness of thy childhood,’ murmured the self-accusing mother.

Again, the father knelt by the bedside of his son, and his voice once more went up in prayer. ‘Whatsoever thou givest or withholdest, enable us to say sincerely, *Thy will be done.*’

‘Amen,’ clearly articulated the mother, and the Angel of Death took the spirit of the hopeless to the bar of God.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

—He stood alone—a shunned and hated thing,
For he had been an outcast on the world,
And every villager had heard the tale
That stamped his brow with stain of infamy,
And knew the guilt that now, with keen remorse,
Gnawed at his heart with ceaseless tooth of anguish:
Disease was preying on him, and he came
To lay his wearied and his worn-out frame
Beside his buried father.

Hiss glassy eye,
And pale and withered cheek, and hollow voice
Told that his days were numbered. And the pain

Of parting life—the torture of the mind,
Came in the sleepless night and feverish day,

Till wasted life just glimmered ere it died.
And yet none heeded these his racking pains.

The world passed by upon the other side,
And left him to his fate. All save one—
And she, in her old age, watched by his couch,
And wiped the clammy sweat from his cold brow.

She alone had welcomed his return, and now

She sat by her poor boy, to cheer the hours
When chilling darkness came upon his soul,

Nor thought of her own weakness while she held

His aching brow upon her throbbing breast.
The lamp of life went out. And then she bore

The wasted form of him she once had loved,
And laid him by his father.

There would she wander, when the dewy eve

Had spread her sober mantle o’er the world,
And sit and weep aloud. ’Twas her only son

That lay beneath that mouldering pile of earth,

And she forgot the error of his life,
And thought alone of what was lovely.
She thought of him, the infant of her lap,
And heard his artless prattle—and she saw
The sunny ringlets, as they sportive played
O’er his bright brow, in childhood’s summer hours.

She thought how proudly she had loved to dwell

Upon the opening manhood of her child,
And of the hopes a mother only knows.
She thought on these and wept, and laid her head

On the cold earth that pressed upon her boy,

And wished her aged, widowed heart was hushed

Within the quiet grave wherein he slept.
Oh! if there be within the human heart
A feeling holier than all else beside,
It is the love that warms the mother’s breast

E’en for a sinning child—the only tie
That death alone can sever, and is felt
Till the last throb of feeling is at rest.

Records of Woman.

From the Ladies' Companion.

MRS. MARY ANN HOOKER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Mrs. Mary Ann Hooker, whose original name was Brown, was the daughter of pi-

ous and highly respectable parents, and born at Guilford, Conn., Feb. 12th, 1796. She possessed a quick perception, knew the alphabet before the age of two years, and read well at three. She early manifested a great love of reading. To read, and think, were her great pleasures, while other children were engaged in noisy sports. But if she loved to meditate by herself she was not selfish—and she regarded her companions with tender love. She was a warm admirer of the works of nature. The simplest wild flower was dear to her. The plants, as they sprung up in her little garden, the grassy path, where she took her rural walk, the green, shady trees, and the crystal tuneful brooks, were her friends. Her moral sensibilities were equally strong. To do right, to avoid wounding the feelings of others, and always to speak truth, were her rules of action. Her conscience was tender, and if she had committed any fault, she acknowledged it with frankness. Her warm affections and integrity of purpose, were associated with a mind of a high order, anxious to acquire knowledge. She received the advantages of an excellent education, and applied herself to her various studies, with assiduity and success. She was a favorite with her teachers. They were gratified by her proficiency, and pleased with her amiable disposition.— Their written testimonials of her good scholarship, and exemplary deportment, she affectionately prized, and preserved among her most valuable papers. After her removal to Hartford, Conn., and the completion of her own term of school-study, she engaged in the instruction of young ladies. She was a favorite in the refined society where she moved, and particularly excelled in the graces of conversation. Yet no one could be more free from vanity. "In all lowliness of mind, she esteemed others better than herself;" for she had taken the Inspired Volume of Christ. In friendship she was warm, affectionate, and confiding; though she regarded all with whom she associated, with Christian kindness, she reserved her intimacy for a few kindred spirits—to them her sympathy was overflowing, both in sorrow and in joy, and she forgot herself, when they might be served, applauded, or comforted.

In 1822, she married the Rev. Horace Hooker, and removed to a retired parish in her native state. The responsibilities of a pastor's wife she deeply realized, and endeavored to discharge. While exciting those of her own sex to works of benevolence and piety, she strove also, to advance their intellectual improvement. She established stated meetings for the reading of historical and religious works, and especially for the interchange of written

thought. In the latter department, she emphatically led the way, and bore the burden; and some of the most pleasing effusions of her pen, were thus called forth in the form of essays, on various important subjects. A solicitation that her husband would superintend a religious periodical publication, induced their return to Hartford, and her more decided entrance on literary occupation. Their congeniality of intellectual taste, and pursuit, was a source of great happiness, and added a new and rare element to their mutual affection.

His kind encouragement gradually overcame her self-distrust, so that she at length resolved to devote her pen to the religious instruction of children. Her first work was entitled "Bible Sketches," and is written with simplicity and beauty. She wrote also, the lives of David and Daniel, of Elijah and Elisha. For this series of scripture biographies, she read extensively such books of history and travels as bore upon her subjects, or illustrated the geography, natural history, and customs of the countries where her scenes were laid. Her books became favorites not only with the young, to whom they were addressed, but to parents, who peruse them with their children. Her last work was entitled the "Seasons," and its object is to bring the unfolding mind into such familiarity with the objects of nature, with birds, plants, animals, trees, rocks, and waters, as to lead it to recognize and love the Creator of so much beauty, and the Author of every blessing. These literary occupations beguiled the hours of ill health and seclusion, to which she was frequently subject, and the consciousness that they had been in many cases, the means of good to others, imparted cheerfulness and gratitude. But her health which had from childhood been feeble began visibly to decline; symptoms of pulmonary consumption were plainly revealed. Her physicians prescribed that she should take shelter from the winter beneath a milder sky, and her husband and sister bore her to the sunny climes of Georgia, in the autumn of 1837. She returned the following spring no more to go forth amid the soft grassy paths she had loved, or to mark the fresh swelling buds on her favorite trees, but to die. The frame wasted to a skeleton, and the hollow, racking cough told that she had come back to die.

But there was peace in her heart. The Saviour whom she had trusted from her youth up, was sufficient for her. The Bible which she had loved and obeyed, was her stay, as she passed through the dark valley. As a child, yielding to its parents, she laid herself in the Everlasting Arms. Even when in extreme weakness, her

mind wandered, sweet words were upon her lips, and bright images gleamed around her; she smiled on those who stood by her bed, and forgetting that she herself suffered, begged them to take refreshment and repose. She murmured in a low tone, of jessamine bowers, and orange-groves, and hovering forms, brighter and more lovely than she had ever seen before. The beautiful things of nature, which, from earliest memory she had loved, tarried with her, till the angels came; it was on the morning of May third, eighteen hundred thirty-eight, that death came upon her like a friend, soothing her into gentle slumber: without gasp or struggle, she slept in Jesus; "patience having had its perfect work."

Green trees shall wave above thee,
That dread no wintry snow,
Meek flowers that learned to love thee,
Around thy grave shall blow,
And faithful hearts, and tender,
Full oft shall linger nigh,
Their tribute-tear to render,
And learn of thee, to die.

Editorial.

OUR SECOND VOLUME. This number commences the second volume of the Pearl. We are happy to be able to state, that our enterprise is no longer an experiment.—One year since, it was. We commenced without a single subscriber, but we closed the volume with four thousand. This is liberal encouragement. We are encouraged to proceed with increased energy in our work. The Pearl will be made increasingly interesting. As heretofore, its object will be to please, as well as to profit. With articles of the lighter order of literature, we shall mingle those of the grave and serious. Upon all questions of virtue, morality and religion, we shall occupy high ground; and while we hope not to be so dry as to frighten the young and the light-hearted from our columns, we shall not be so light as to forbid the patronage of the more serious and thoughtful.

New correspondents will be secured, beautiful engravings and interesting music obtained, at an increased expense, to adorn and fill the pages of our work; and the publishers are determined to make it the cheapest and best ladies' periodical in New England. Will the patrons of the first volume aid us in obtaining an increased circulation for the second?

A MOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HER DEPARTED CHILDREN. How exquisitely touching is a mother's sensibility in every thing that respects the dead! How slight an allusion calls up her bruised affections in all their force, and on what minute objects will that affection dwell when its precious object is gone. Like the branches of a vine, when its trellis work is taken away it clings to every briar and stone that may support it in its windings, so a mother's feelings fasten on every memento of her little one. We know a mother who carefully treasures up the cap, the shoes, the band, and other articles belonging to her little departed boy, with all the care of a nurse, and often when alone does she go to weep over those last earthly tokens of her child's existence.

Miss Gould, with her usual felicity of manner, has shown the strength of these feelings, in her little poem, called 'The Playthings.' Knowing our readers, especially mothers, will be pleased with it, we insert it.

'Oh, mother, here's the very top
That brother used to spin;
The vase with seeds I've seen him drop
To call our robin in;
The line that held his pretty kite;
The line that held his cup and ball;
The slate on which he learned to write;
His feather, cap, and all!

'My dear, I'd put the things away
Just where they were before:
Go, Anna, take him out to play,
And shut the closet door.
Sweet innocent—he little thinks
The slightest thought expressed
Of him that's lost, how deep it sinks,
Within a mother's breast.'

CHANGE OF EDITORS. It is due to ourselves and to our readers to state, that owing to a multiplicity of other engagements, we shall from this number discontinue our editorial supervision of the Pearl. We can assure our patrons, however, that our lack of service will be more than supplied by the gentleman who may succeed us.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. 'D' is under consideration. Shall we hear from our Wolfboro' correspondent shortly? Will Anna favor us? Our Fall River correspondent will be welcome to our columns as often as convenient to herself.

O, DAUGHTER OF ZION.

WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

O, daughter of Zi - on, why sor - row - est thou, With thy

beauti - ful harp on the green willow bough? O, cease from thy weeping; thy

Savior is calling Thy spir - - it to joy!

2.

Why, drooping and sad, dost thou languish forlorn,
 Forgetting the day-star that gladdens thy morn?
 That star is thy Savior: — O, hear him inviting
 Thy spirit to love!

3.

Come, tune thy sweet harp, sing an anthem of praise,
 And join its full chords to melodious lays;
 Thy Savior from heaven is gently enticing
 Thy spirit to bliss.